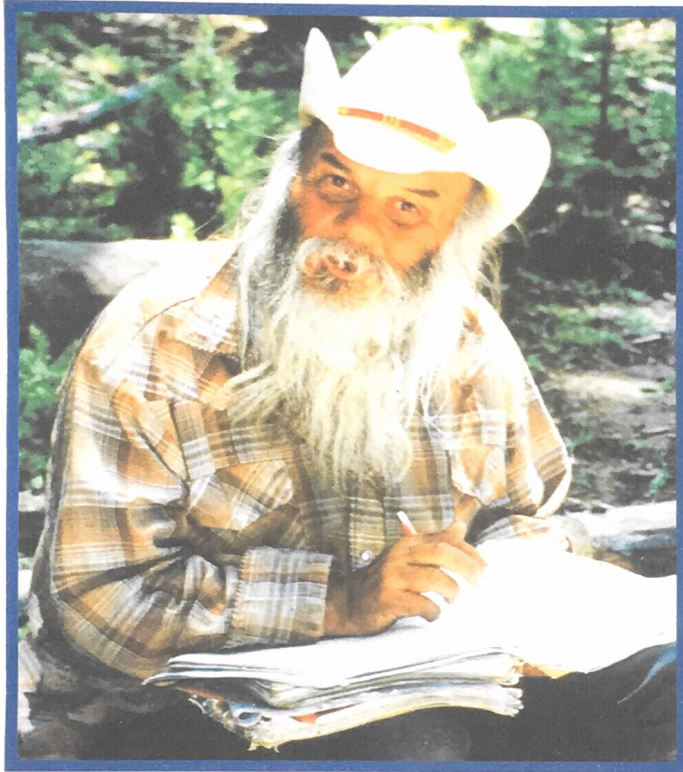




Rainbow Family

Life Stories



*by Jodey Bateman.
Interviews with Rainbow
Family of Living Light
folks conducted between
1977 and 2008.
Scanned in 2018.
Jodey Bateman may be
contacted on Facebook.*

04. C BARRY (PLUNKER) ADAMS - "We Are
a People, We Are a Culture"
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700 or 800 people took part. No one stuffed themselves.

We walked the peyote road and as we got towards daybreak the road men said, "There's a blue haze in the valley." Then someone said "It's a fire!" Next thing I knew there was a bucket brigade a mile long to put out the fire. It was at somebody's camp. The whole time the fire was out of control, he was asleep in his tent. We packed wet mud on the trees that got burned to save them. Out of 12 trees, only one died and it had been mostly dead to start with. We showed the forest service and they couldn't believe it. They said, "How did you find that technique?"

The state of Wyoming did surveillance of us. They took photos of nude people smoking grass. They put the photos on the desk of the governor and he said, "What? We can't have this." They sent sheriff Pee Wee to get us out of there and we said we wouldn't leave until we finished cleaning up. They left us alone.

These gatherings are family reunions for us. We come to Wyoming and got started knowing each other. Jay Sun and me and a sister dug all the shitters at the gathering. My blood brothers and sisters are redneck, and they don't have any understanding of what I'm trying to do but they know I'm into it. The only difference between these gatherings and the ones I used to see in Wolf Creek, Montana as a kid is that we discourage alcohol and I've never seen a pie-eating contest at a Rainbow Gathering. Wyoming wasn't a gathering of, like lots of incidences. It was mellow. It was near Freak Mountain. Freedom lies in the mountain of your heart.

We went to Utah for the 1974 gathering because someone had hung a sign on a tree at Wyoming that said: VIRGIN RIVER UTAH. NEXT YEAR.

Comment by CHUCK WINDSONG

The Utah Gathering started at Highbridge Park in Spokane, Washington. That was a six-month gathering that started in late March. It was interrupted partly for the

Rainbow Gathering.

I was in Mexico holding a gathering of my own at the Pyramid of the Sun and Moon. Garrick asked me to come back and help in Spokane. There were all these street people who had come there for The World's Fair getting popped. We wrote the city of Spokane that we could take care of them. We asked for Highbridge Park near Spokane. We called it People's Park.

Then we looked in the 35th chapter of Isaiah for where to have our gathering. In those days we didn't know what state yet. We found Mount Zion in Isaiah. Zion is the highest place, the opening chakra. We couldn't go have the gathering at Zion in Israel so we found out the Mormons had them a Zion in Utah: Zion National Park. There was a place there called the Virgin River - we figured that was the purest possible place. So we started taking bus loads of people from Highbridge Park to Zion. There was about 1,000 people who went to Utah. Then the officials came and asked us to leave. They told us we could go 35 miles away to this lake near the town of Enterprise. Then they said there was this and that wrong with the water, so there was this beautiful lake that we couldn't go into. We held a powwow meeting and saw a beautiful rainbow at night on the water. There was caves with bats. We ate a lot of rattlesnake meat there and nobody got bit.

BARRY - continued.

Councils are a way of building character and developing individuality - to see someone who has walked through life and not spoken up and to see that person listened to with respect by 300 to 5,000 people - that person becomes more free.

After the Utah Gathering we held a council at Highbridge Park - we were talking about where the gathering was going to go, so someone came out for Arkansas and then said what about going to Montana to the Waterton Glacier International

Peace Park for the Bicentennial in 1976.

We had down to earth people going to Arkansas in 1975, and some of our most interesting people - like Bear and Kilo, who have now gone over the Great Divide - from the Motherfuckers and the STP Family.

There was a brother named Aguadas who went to Arkansas to talk to people about the gathering. Aguadas got into some trouble with the local folks - that's when they burn your house down - and he went into hiding. And there was this fellow named Ebbie Crowell, an old moonshiner, who took us on his land. He kept the people alive. Maybe 50 or 60 wild type hippies wandered onto Ebbie's land. I was up in Minnesota and I heard of a place called Lake Hinkel, Arkansas. Aguadas kept saying, "You can see a rainbow come out of a drainpipe there."

I was working at a home for juvenile delinquents in Minnesota. I got one of the juvenile delinquents checked out to me. Me and the juvenile delinquent and Chuck Winsong hopped a freight to Illinois and hitched to Arkansas. People told us "We have found this beautiful site on the Buffalo River, but there was this big Forest Service thing. They told us to move." Our bus broke down. We walked the bus up the hill chanting "Hee-haw Arkansas." There were 175 people by this time traveling with us. There were four brothers and a sister from the Christ Brotherhood. The Forest Service guy had his feet kicked back on his desk and a pipe in his mouth. He said "I've heard the brothers talk and now I want to hear from a sister." The Christ Brotherhood sister said, "I'm not a sister, I'm a brother." He about swallowed his pipe.

As we left, we picked up an escort of forest rangers. We tried to go to the Buffalo River site and June 27 we counceled with the rangers. They said there was quicksand and cottonmouths and chiggers. We said we'd go see the place. We went into the area and there was no parking lot. We had to park among the trees and leave one

open for emergencies. When you came into the gathering, you had to go through a waist deep river. The first wave to hit the sandbar beach got all the chiggers.

An ex-biker brother named GI Jody was sitting by the fire. He was drinking whiskey with a couple of teenage boys when a bunch of locals came. The locals threw open their car and there was a kid humping on a calf. The calf jumped out and went in the bushes and GI Jody took three days to catch him. The next day the Stone County sheriff came and said, "What about this calf?" We said it was from a green or brown or black van - a '64 or maybe a '72. We didn't want to get the locals in trouble.

We got up to 300 or 400 people laid back on that sand bar. We had a pool dammed up to swim in. There we were all naked and then down the river comes this canoe of folks going "Oh, my God!" I had finally got all my clothes off and I was finally going to swim. Just then a brother said "Oh, oh, he's got a gun out - he's pointing it at people," and there was the Stone County sheriff looking it after Kilo. There was a deputy up to his neck in water with a rifle over his head and people doing the backstroke around him. When the sheriff couldn't catch Kilo, he caught Phil Coyote. He had the rifle pointed at Phil's head. He kept saying, "I got this one."

I said, "What for?"

He said, "Skinny dipping."

I said, "You're from Arkansas and you've never skinny dipped?"

We had decided that morning that if things got heavy, we would collect in an OM circle. Just then the OM came just like the Moody Blues and the sheriff was visibly shaken. We put the kids into the center of the circle and locked arms - an old civil rights tactic. As I was walking by the circle with the sheriff, there were four or five bikers in battle formation. The sheriff and the deputy wanted to pick them up and we went to council with

the Yellville sheriff called Cotton Methvin, who was also there. He looked just like John Wayne. And then there shows up White Eagle—a brother wild as the wind—with his bow aimed at the sheriff. If White Eagle went down the trail, he'd walk in the bush. He'd clean himself by rolling in the dirt—a heyska. I said, "Hold on, brother!" We had to take away his bow and arrow. He kept hollering, "But I'm chief of the Rainbow Tribe!"

It was because Chuck Windson had called on Sheriff Cotton, the Yellville sheriff in his own town. Cotton got two other sheriffs to join in a raid on us with cattle trucks. We hadn't gotten to see the governor of Arkansas. We got to see the Attorney General who turned us on to the Mass Gathering Act and the state police weren't going to come on the land but they were waiting for something to happen.

Some deputies had some knives on their jeeps. Peter Schappy tried to steal them. They shot at him. He jumped in the water as the deputies shot at him or he would have been killed. The sheriff arrested three people for being naked around the sweets.

There was a short lady who had been captured and the deputy let her free to get her clothes. She came to me and said "What will I do?"

I said, "Don't move unless I say so."

I said, "Which of you deputies captured the sister?"

All but one said no. He said, "I did." She kept saying, "OM, OM OM!"

I asked him, "Are you sure?" and he said, "No," but they took five people in four days. The sheriff thought we were rich hippies and he tried to get us to pay \$200 to let them go and we wouldn't. We sent folks to sing to them through the jail windows. After this we decided since confusion came to us from the river, we would holler "Babylon!" Babylon means confusion and that was a signal for everybody to put on their clothes.

We had the first sisters' council at Arkansas. It has evolved into powerful counselling techniques, like Mother's Vision council.

One morning a dude killed a rattlesnake. They didn't eat it or skin it or nothing. They didn't treat it with proper respect. We warned the brothers, "You didn't treat this animal with proper respect." That day a brother named Lucky was swimming and got bit by a cottonmouth on the toe. People sang and chanted and prayed with this brother. We were going to take him to a hospital 80 or 90 miles away. Then I saw this brother had five beautiful ladies massaging him - taking care of him, and I asked him if he wanted to leave and he said "No."

The fourth of July we tried to center the camp. We went up on a high hill and set up there all day. The sand bar down below looked like a buffalo head and had a fire pit where the eye should be. We had a triple wedding in the river. We had a rash of it. We married everybody to everybody.

The local people built a camp up the river. They floated a canoe down the river to us and passed out beer. They were scouting for ladies. Two ladies helped them push their canoe back up the river and helped them build a fire. Then they said, "Have a nice evening" and slipped back into the river.

Comment by JAY SUN

We had five people in jail - one sister got money from home and got out. They wanted \$250 for each one. Pip said "Let's put on a big feed for the whole town - play music for them - pick up all the trash." So we did.

We had to get the Green Banana - the kitchen bus - out of there. It took a couple of days to fix. We had a good time. We met the mayor of a little rural community at the dump - a good old boy.

There was about 60 of us sitting in a circle. There was a tremendous feeling of unity. We had come through everything negative together. There was a circle of stars over our circle of people. The next day we went to Yellville and about 50

people started picking up trash and offered for them to come to a spaghetti dinner. We got a fine meal together at the Green Banana. We had all these huge trash bags piled up as high as a second story window. It was a town where they didn't allow dances at the high school. But Pip played country music with some of the local people who played the fiddle. But there were only 15 local people there sharing with us. Twenty cars were parked around the periphery to watch us. I asked the mayor "Is there any way I can get these folks to come join us?"

And he said "No. They just come to look - that's enough for now."

And I said "Wow! This is another part of the world from where I was born!"

Dominic went to the judge and said "How would you like 53 people signing up for food stamps? Or registering to vote here?" And the next day they let the four people out on their own recognizance.

BARRY (continued)

It cost \$2,000 for them to pull the raid. The FBI and the governor was against it. The only person who wanted it was Sheriff Cotton, who got paid for feeding the prisoners.

Comment by JAYSON

He controlled three counties with his buddy - the editor of the local newspaper, The Yellville town marshall - a good man and an honest man, young, energetic - beat the sheriff at the next election. The mayor of Yellville said "Please don't leave. You all brought an influence that was needed. And we brought a corrupt empire down."

BARRY (continued)

Sheriff Cotton's justification was the Outdoor Mass Gathering Law. I grabbed the law from him and it said "Mass Gathering Law For 1,000 or more people" and I said "Wait until we got 1,000 - then come back." It was quite a hippie hunt. You never

know when a congressman's kid is there. And they try to find leaders, but there ain't no leaders.

Oll

After the gathering there was a caravan comment by JAVSW

There were about 60 of us. Somebody remembered they had used to live in Stillwater, Oklahoma and Stillwater had suffered a tremendous tornado. So we went to Stillwater to help clean up - but they didn't need us. Then this brother named Jerry who was with us taught us how to roof. Ora and her connection at Oklahoma State University in Stillwater got us all over to camp at Lake Carl Blackwell. We proceeded to join up with the local people to find out why we were there. We helped set up a restaurant - DM Cooking - and we helped get a natural foods restaurant off the ground.

BARRY - continued.

In the Fall of 1975, when we were on a scouting mission for a place for the Montana Gathering and went to the Belly River there were four brothers. That was by accident, because in all our scouting, we try to have sisters as well as brothers. Just like we talk about humankind instead of mankind. So when we went down into the valley of the Belly River, we got caught in a blizzard and we followed the tree line to the Canadian border. We found a border marker and danced around it. So we decided we should hold hands across the Canadian border July 4.

At Montana there was a lot of controversy. The media dug up every bit of dirt about us they could - naked pictures from Colorado. Night riders shot up our mailbox. The Forest Service said we had to have the gathering in Lewis and Clark Forest - not the Belly River - for environmental reasons. They gave us a place called Jones Creek for the gathering. An old timer told us it was the armpit of the Rockies. There had been a fire and two floods. It was beautiful.

Comment by TONYANGEL

my signature is on the first permit Rambow ever got for a

gathering the one for the Montana Gathering in 1976.

BARRY continued

11a

Until Montana the family was running at from 500 to 600 people. And 4,000 to 6,000 people showed up. There was a lot of magic in Montana. There was a woman who came into the parking lot who looked pregnant. She looked like she was going into labor. Three women who had been midwives ran out and got her and took her to the hospital. The nurse said, "What are you folks doing? She's not pregnant." And the sisters asked to be alone in the room with her. Her cervix opened and she was delivered of a baby who was named Rainbow, of course and she went on into the gathering.

On July 1, we got permission to cross the Blackfoot Reservation to the Canadian border. On July 4, we had 14 cars and buses. The rangers met us at the reservation boundary. One car had to stop at St. Mary's on the reservation, so everyone stopped and said they had to pee. The cops wanted us to get back inside the buses.

So I did this trip for the cops of saying, "Everyone inside the trucks." No one listened they just did their thing. When we got to the border, there were park rangers, border patrol and a SWAT team with machine guns. The only ID we had were pieces of paper that I signed. I said "Anyone that's worried can stay in the car and pray."

And all but four or five of us got out of the cars and stood in a circle on nobody's land. Adolf Hungry Wolf, a Blackfoot medicine man, and his family joined us from the Canadian side. A Forest Service psychologist observed us.

The cops stopped two guys - one was a young Canadian. They asked him what he was going to do. He said, "Oh, visit Colorado."

They asked, "How much money do you have?"

He said, "None."

They said, "You can't do that."

I said, "How much money does he need?"

The cops said, "Oh, \$60."

And I said, "The Rainbow Family Tribal Council will guarantee whatever amount of money he needs" and I had \$500 in my pocket to pay for gas for the rigs. I shared it and they let him go.

The other guy was a Belgian national living in Canada. He said "I'll stay on the Canadian side because they have to give me a free ride home."

Some of the cars left their people behind when the ceremony was over. There were 23 people left behind - mostly from the Hobo kitchen. We stayed at a bar on the Blackfoot Reservation and sent for shuttles. There was the SWAT team in the bar getting drunk. One said, "You don't know who I am, do you?"

I said, "Yes."

"I was a sergeant in the SWAT team at the border. I want to tell you something. I'm a person too."

I said, "I know that."

"I want to tell you I thought that what you did at the border was the most beautiful thing I ever saw in my life."

I had tears in my eyes.

"And," he said, "I got paid overtime."

I investigated. I cost \$5,000 to get the SWAT team there - what we were told it would cost for the environmental impact on the Belly River. There was another circle on the Canadian border June 21, 1984.

At the Walton, Oregon council in February, 1977 we tried to bring together all these different entities like the Ho-Dads and the different co-op families and the street people. We had people explaining their projects for the next five years including an Oregon state legislator. It went smooth until two entities met up with each other - a real maternal group mildly called feminists and street urchins like Bear, a wild untamable brother who used to ride with the STP Family who were known as the

Buc career Family in the hills above Bo. Idew and Phil Coyote who used to tiendel with the Manson Family for a little while - but he didn't like their vibes. They were into pushing the buttons of the matriarchs - especially one called Antoinette No-Guns.

In the middle of the council Bear got in the middle of the floor and took off his clothes and rolled on the floor and screamed. And I went out in the open and contemplated peace and the joy of living.

Well, people complimented us for the food we served, but they wondered, "Why did you invite those people?"

There was a certain amount of elitism, people who have gotten off the street thinking of themselves as big muck a mucks and thinking the street people were nothing, so it was easy to press their buttons.

It was at Walton in 1977 we came up with the PEACE village idea - Positive Energy Alternative Creative Environment. Some day all us Rainbow brothers and sisters are going to have a home - it may not be where you stay all the year around, but it will be where you can always drop in and say hello. There was a real strong pressure at the 1977 New Mexico Gathering to start a Peace Village right away.

In New Mexico I was standing near the tipi circle and some people said some nut had attacked some people with rocks. Crazy John went up to hold him. John cold-cocked him. When he came to, he was talking gibberish. So they brought him to the healing circle. I was there and I looked at this brother. It was like looking at the deepest part of darkness. He was so dark it was cold. I told him in the old tongue to close his beam. So I laid hands on him and called upon the white light of Jesus Christ. I rarely lay on hands. Just as I did, this brother I had never seen before walked up and laid hands on the brother and put light in his very deepest core. I told him in the old tongue to open his eyes. He got more light and more light. We watched over him till next day. Then he took the head of a sister and hit it against his knee.

So we took him up the river to security camp. Then he tried to

attack people with a knife and they tied him up and called the sheriff. The sheriff took him to the mental hospital, to a quiet room for three days, which he needed.

We had a doctor show up in an army-green surgical suit - claimed he was a doctor. He was at New Mexico and prescribed medicine. A sister naturally aborted. He ordered her taken out in a helicopter to Truth or Consequences where they performed a hysterectomy. She wasn't exactly sure of what happened. She sued the hell out of the hospital. So there's a lot of questions about this guy the doc. He told us an outright lie - that he was in the helicopter that did a rescue in Montana. Tony Angel was in the helicopter and said he wasn't there. So the doc was leaving with a lady who fell in love with him at the gathering and two brothers said he was taking some hot money. They weren't going to let him leave. What to do? We called a council with him, his lady, the two brothers and me. I knew in the first minutes that he didn't have the money on him. I knew where the money was. But I said, "I'm asking you in a righteous way if you consent to search yourself." So he rolled up his pant legs and unrolled his sleeping bag. But it's his lady who has the money. It was written all over the sister's face what had happened. I let him leave and he rode off with our money. I told the two brothers, "That's all there is. Don't take that route."

In New Mexico I was one of the last ones out. We were at it from morning to night breaking the ground in the camp circle where our feet had tromped, to plant grass. The ground was packed like cement. You had to chip it like obsidian. It rained the last three days - cold and nasty, so hard it took our clothes off. It was miserable. We had wondered how we were gonna take the log bridges down and then the little Gila River - that little creek that reached your ankles during the gathering - was in flood. We had to help each other across linked hand to hand. One brother came up last. He wasn't holding hands with us and he was scared. He froze. One of the logs we had used for bridges came down the river and

nearly hit him. We hollered "Come on, brother, hold on!" and he finally did and we pulled him out.

comment by JAY SUN

F11

There were 60 of us in the caravan to Peace Village at Velarde, New Mexico - 27 on our bus. We had three school buses, a pickup, a couple of cars and Richard on a motorcycle. We stayed with the Christ Brotherhood in Santa Fe for the night. We got one 90 cent all you can eat salad for 60 people at a Pizza Hut.

We went to Velarde to some land we had been wanting to lease from the Bureau of Land Management. We drew up some writings about a Peace Camp or Peace Village. They gave us a 15 day permit - then 30 day. It evolved into a very fine camp - with earth ovens, tipis. We were there for three months till it got so cold at 6,000 or 7,000 feet in October. We didn't have deep enough roots in the community so we couldn't get into the better jobs or better situations. So we said "Good - this was the first Peace Village that ever manifested."

BARRY continued

It's taken longer than I wish to find out how we could continue together with each other.

It was real lucky we were on the Umpqua River in Oregon for the 1978 Gathering. It's rainy, but it's beautiful country. It has Rainbow Farm. The place where we gathered was in the same county as Rainbow Farm. Garrick and the other folks from Rainbow Farm were the scouts. Our scouts came along to near Roseburg, a logging town.

The artisans and the craftsmen in Oregon are our brothers and sisters but - it's kind of a heavy relationship. They have mingled feelings about the Rainbow Family because we had a Rainbow House in Eugene and we had an open door policy. The hippie tribes in Oregon were worried like the straight world because all kinds of people come to the gathering. The Oregon Country Fair people were worried that all the people from the gathering would expect to get in free.

The Federals said, "hey, we'll treat you with a better

relationships. We moved into a co-operation relationship with the Forest Service. The press discussed whether we were a lawful assembly and the Forest Service ruled that we were legal, but we should have a permit from the county. The county decided to stop the gathering if at all possible. They used the Outdoor Mass Gathering Law - which was passed after Vortex. Like we weren't supposed to be sanitary enough.

Garrick says the county commissioner said, "We're gonna try to stop this gathering."

Garrick said, "We're gonna split the movie rights."

The County Commissioner said, "What?"

Garrick said, "If you arrest several thousand people, there will be a big scene on the courthouse lawn. Of course we will make a movie of us."

He allowed us to have the permit.

The parking lots were in five different areas we had to patrol, 23 miles away from the actual gathering site. We had a hell of a shuttle system. We got our water supply from the side of a hill.

There was lots of good water. There was two big meadows. We put the tipi village in one meadow and ate in the other.

The Oregon Gathering was one of the mellowest as far as relationships with law enforcement. We tried to take up accountability - to tell people where the money in the hat went. We decided to get a handle on how much supplies came into the gathering. We decided to start getting covered shitters.

There was a boy and a girl born at the gathering. On the first of July on this beautiful waterfall near the gathering site, a sister walked up there and slipped and fell and died. That was the first death we had experienced at a gathering. It took us aback. We didn't know who she was. In 12 hours we knew who she was. We went through all her stuff and called her people. We read her diary and we couldn't be sure but that she might have been a suicide. We carried her out and everyone prayed. The whole camp's vibe went into a somber

vibration, then the energy picked up. The media said "What are you gonna do?"

And we said "We're gonna go on."

COMMENT by SUNNY

P11

As we carried her out, a rainbow appeared.

BARRY - continued.

We began to talk about Peace Villagers. We wanted to be together more. We began to council together more.

On the Fourth, I got out of bed. I was brushing my teeth and up drove this Indian brother in a van and said, "My name is Papa San - I was on my way to leave and I saw a rainbow and it turned me back. I came to perform a pipe ceremony." We had a silence, but also Papa San went through the entire Sioux pipe ceremony. He asked for seven virgins. We said, "Could you adjust that to seven maidens?" So seven maidens came from the crowd to hold the pipes and we made offerings to the little people in the ground.

Papa San saw drugs and sex. He thought we were much too loose, but he saw the rainbow and had to turn back. Three thousand people went by and touched the pipes. The ceremony took five hours. When you touched those pipes, you got juiced. I had to say, "Move along, brothers and sisters, move along - there's a lot more brothers and sisters behind you."

Generally we had to have people holding the maidens up. After two and a half hours, one of them gave out.

We had to keep that balance. Boom! In came the annual kids' parade right through the center of the heavy pipe ceremony. We buried the food offerings and ended the ceremony and drummed and sang. Papa San was a little strained but glad.

After that there was a Mothers' Vision Council. At the New Mexico Gathering only the sisters could speak at Mothers' Vision and the brothers had to be ears. It has a real strong vibration, a respect relationship. A lot of us were supportive because the sisters had been waiting many thousands of years to have their say. At Oregon even some of the sisters didn't want only sisters to speak. We decided we would have a circle of sisters to speak - then a circle of sisters - then a circle of sisters and brothers. That spoke strong. All the brothers and sisters have been

working out that relationship and it's every day.

I've got a lady I've been with since 1972, off and on, and we've been through all the hassles till we're both burnt to a crisp and we've been through all the scenarios. We've got a son running around now. [and a daughter born in 1980]

There were a lot of folks at Oregon that wanted to get off alcohol and Antoinette No Guns and other sisters and brothers had tea and massages to help you get off.

We had video cameras from people who said, "Oh, we're your brothers and sisters." But it was un-nerving having cameras over your shoulder. Those of us who have been with this thing didn't want cameras. But we had them in Montana. Those in Oregon were a mellow crew.

On the Fourth, between the pipe ceremony and Mother's Vision, a brother went up on the waterfall. Some say he took some LSD. I think he decided that sister needed somebody to go with her. He decided "There's only one way I can go home to God right now." He dove into the arms of God and he hit 15 feet below. One brother was doing water watch. He went over to this brother. The brother got up. He was staggering around and fell 60 feet and died. Baba Ram Das went and spoke with the spirit of this brother for two hours.

While this was going on, the Boogie Meadow was just jumping. We brought the brother down there and we didn't know who he was. I spoke to 5,000 people. I said "I don't know who this brother is and I need to find out so I'm going to show him to you." And there were people there who had never seen death. And it was like a ceremony. As a society, we avoid it. Now the hip culture, how are we gonna face death? We pulled the sheet back and in five or ten seconds, someone said "I know this brother - he's my friend." It was beautiful. We sang songs for the brother and sent his spirit home. The next day, Nishema's baby was born.

Baba Ram Das [Richard Alpert] comes to the gathering and he doesn't want to be a guru - he wants to be a brother. Nishema's number one